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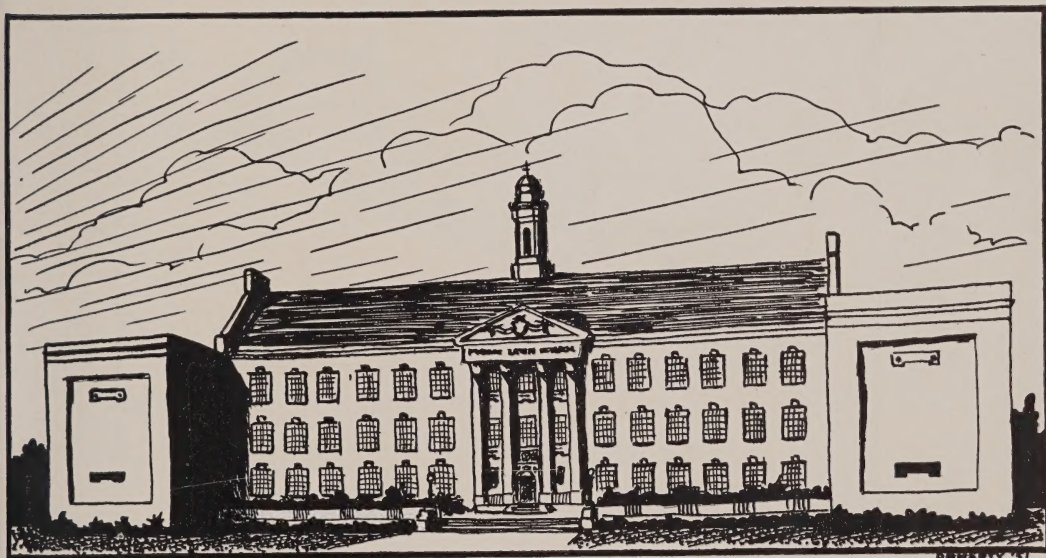
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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



Final Issue

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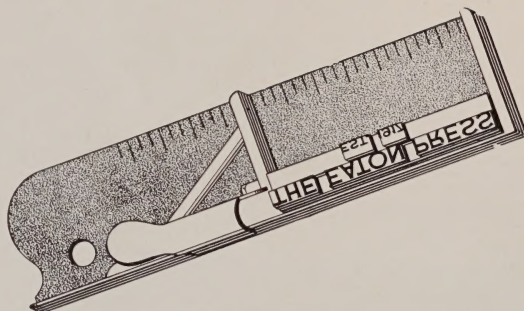
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One Year

ABRAHAM A. DAVIDSON, '53

L YING COMFORTABLY in a field, I watched the sun sink beyond the distant hill.

"Beautiful sunset, isn't it?"

The voice startled me. I hadn't heard him approach. From the first I noticed something strange about him. In the gathering twilight his appearance was, in fact, eerie.

"Were you admiring the sunset?" he repeated. His voice seemed to come from far off.

"Why, yes," I replied. He stared at me for a moment, his eyes cutting through me like a knife.

"I hope you have enjoyed the sunset, for this is the last one you, or any other mortal, will ever see."

I said nothing. The man must be jesting; nevertheless, he terrified me.

"For many centuries," he continued, toying with an oddly carved staff he held in his hand, "we have observed your race. Without end, you have brought misery and distress upon one another. Mighty empires, discontented with what has been granted them, have sought to hold sway over all. Without mercy they have destroyed all who dared stand in their path of greed. From the beginning of history, ruthless tyrants have oppressed the weak and defenseless. Your history is one of bloodshed and strife.

"Nor do you today give any indication of mending your ways. You will never be able to live peaceably together. That is why the human race must be erased from the face of the earth.

There is no other way out. The matter has been carefully considered."

No, he wasn't jesting. Of that I was certain. My blood chilled. The world was going to be destroyed, and I was the only one aware of impending danger. I was determined to sway him from his awful mission.

"You cannot be so cruel," I pleaded,—"to two billion people. Is humanity's sin so great that you must blot out—"

"Come, come; I don't wish to argue with you. What is to be done must be done. Besides, of what importance is one paltry planet? There are thousands upon thousands of other worlds, most of them larger than your own. Yet, Earth has caused more commotion than any other."

"But to us," I resumed, "Earth is important. Why are you so bent on annihilating humanity? Surely its injustices have not been so serious as to merit demolition."

"Not so serious, eh? Come with me; you'll find out just how serious its wrongs are. Remember this lesson well, for it will be your last."

With these words, he took fast hold of my hand. As he pointed skyward with his staff, we rose from the ground and began to float through the air.

"Do not be alarmed," he exclaimed, sensing my terror. "Space and time, you see, are no obstacles to me. I am going to convince you that this world merits its destruction. Look down there. Not a very cheerful sight, is it?"

It certainly wasn't. We were hovering above a filthy, crowded street in China. I had never supposed that such squalor could exist. In many cases, one small room housed two families because there were not enough dwelling-places for the huge population. People lived in the streets, which were littered with garbage and refuse.

My companion pointed toward the west. The sight was horrible. All was poverty and suffering. Paupers, begging for a dry crust of bread, lined the streets. People fainted, but no one stopped to help them. And in the midst of this wretchedness was magnificent splendor — glittering palaces, gleaming jewels, and fat maharajahs. Running about in the streets were sacred cows, revered and worshipped by all India. Better that a hundred men die of hunger than one "holy" cow be slaughtered!

Europe was no better off. The leafy hilltops were now yawning chasms; the great libraries and universities, piles of rubble and debris. The people, still bearing the scars of the cruel war, walked about in fear and distrust.

"So this is your great civilization?" he scoffed. "Look. See the old man planting a tree in the rubble? He thinks that seed can sprout from blood-stained rock. Besides, he certainly cannot hope to see the fruit of his tree. Why, he must be at least eighty years old. You earthlings are fools, too. But let us continue on our way. I still have a few more stops to make."

"Please, wait a moment."

"Wait? Wait for what? I have only until dawn. Why do you waste my time?"

"I want to watch the old man."

"Come, I say. Let the old fool be."

"You scoff at our race. You deem us worthy of destruction. Yet, in a way, you yourself—whoever, whatever you are—are inferior to the confused old man planting a tree that will never blossom."

"You are mad," he shouted. "I am more powerful than you all. That old fool over there superior to me? I'll strike him down in an instant."

"Oh, I'm certain you can. But it will prove nothing. He still possesses something you don't."

"What? No human can—."

"He has faith."

"What do you mean?"

"That old man's life has been shattered. His dreams have been unfulfilled; his prayers unanswered. But he sees his people emerging from beneath those blood-stained rocks to a new and better life. No, he will never enjoy the fruit of his tree; but he is content in knowing that his sons will—and their sons, too."

"Nonsense. Seed cannot sprout from rock."

"That old man thinks it can. He has faith in what the future will bring. But you; you have no faith, no hope. Your heart is of steel; you show no feeling or compassion. Destroy our race, but remember that a human has bettered you."

"No, no; the old man is a fool."

"Perhaps, but he has faith."

For a moment neither of us spoke. It was he who broke the silence.

"Here, take my staff. It will guide you to your home. But I will be back in a year; and if wars have not ceased, if greed has not departed from your hearts, your race will be wiped out. I will not be turned from my purpose a second time. In one year, I'll be back. . . One year. . . One year."

With "one year" resounding in my ears, he disappeared. And that was the last I remember. It must have been a dream; but it seemed real and vivid. It was almost as if it had—.

There, in the corner! No, it can't be! It—it's his staff, his carved staff. And one year is such a short time, such a very short time.



Afloat

ALAN J. CUSHNER, '53

IT WAS A LONG SAIL home, longer than I had anticipated. All around our sloop a snow-white foam surged from under the bow. This foam traced its way from the stern toward the light-house, and from there it was washed away by the cadence of a thousand tides.

The distorted sun lay high in the west, allowing her rays to show the pale tremor of nightfall. The sea began to calm, and the slight breeze held an evening chill. The incessant tremor of the ocean was, however, interrupted.

"Looks as if we're in for a southwester," commented Simmons, obviously worried.

"Don't let it get you," I interrupted; "we'll be in a warm house in an hour."

"That's what you said two hours ago," retaliated Simmons more emphatically.

"Well, we should make good time if the wind holds steady," I said.

I was lying to him, or perhaps to myself. I knew well that all he had said was correct. A southwester, and a strong one, was prophesied "to the letter" by Simmons.

The sun had hidden itself behind a layer of thick blue clouds an hour before. Soon, all that remained audible was the call of the sea—a call for adventure.

All at once the boat keeled over on her starboard side. A sudden gust of wind threw us into amazement. The mast was very nearly parallel to the sea. Dumbfounded, we all watched the ocean's wrath, pouring her water over the gunwale. As the boat came out of the gust, all eyes were fixed on the spot where the water was pouring in over the side. Lower and lower, the side began to disappear beneath the surface.

Stubbornly the sloop fought back against the water, now gushing in with tremendous force. The boat lay help-

less on her side, in the hands of an unseen force. For a moment, it looked as if we had gone over too far. But, with valor exceeding that of a Roman hero, she steadily crept up to hold her equilibrium.

"More weight topside," I nervously shouted. "Bob, Don, 'n Fred—start pumping." Simmons, stay down there; and keep that jib trim."

"All right, Skipper," said Simmons, who had more intestinal fortitude than I previously had accredited to him.

"Getting real windy," shouted Don, who was pumping and almost swimming in the water accumulated by the narrow escape from capsizing.



"Looks as if the storm's coming up fast," and he mumbled incoherently.

The situation seemed to be well in hand, and I breathed easily again—but not for long.

The gut, a forty-foot channel joining the bay to the ocean, retained current enough to push three times our twenty-one feet into the ocean without sail or motor power. Whirlpools made it a churning inferno at the tide's change. This was the only way back. I began to perspire.

The boat crept along through the

strait, groping its unsure way cautiously. I kept a true course, keeping as far as possible over to land. Battling winds and tides is risky, especially in the dark. I looked up at the sails, filled with the wind. Could they, would they withstand the two opposing forces—the current and the now furious wind?

As we passed into the channel, the gale seemed to have its full intensity upon us. The thumping bow, riding high over the waves, was taking the brunt of the punishment. The faces of all on board were grim. Not a word was spoken.

I was looking over to leeward, watching the swells come closer, just missing the gunwales and almost swamping us—when the tension was released.

"Cushner, look at the main; it's tearing. Look up!" A general panic was felt by all of us. My body was drenched—not with salt water, but perspiration.

"Don, take the tiller, and head'er up. Bob, come with me. Simmons, let that damn jib pla----."

It was a race against time. I could feel the ocean current pulling us backward into the gut. We had one chance in a hundred, with so tempestuous a wind joining forces with the intense current. Once we were swept into the ocean, there would be no hope to return through the gut. Moreover, with the wind blowing powerfully from the southwest, we should be swept out into the mercy of the sea.

"Uncleat the halyard. Watch the boom." *Crash!* "Get that sail out of the water. C'mon, you landlubbers!" I shouted.

After peering at the sail for a few moments, Simmons commented, "Fine mess; what's the verdict?"

"No idea," said Bob reluctantly.

Don looked the calmest and exclaimed, "A modified 'Kon-Tiki', huh, Al?"

The others grimaced and shook their heads. A problem confronted us, but we did not have enough time to think it out.

"Let's reef the sails. Bob, grab the line from under the deck," I exclaimed.

Since the tear was far below the reefingholes, we could indeed make a noble attempt to gain our lost ground. Certainly we could lose nothing.

"Hurry it up. It's going to be a hellish battle if we lose our vantage point," some one called.

"It's up to you, Simmons. We're going through this storm with a crippled main and your jib—And blast the wind!" I called when our main-sail flew from mid-mast.

A crippled boat, with four determined crew-members, made headway slowly home. When the mooring buoy was taken aboard, and not until then, did we relax. Quick thinking and teamwork had cheated the sea of her due.

Don went home that evening with a new seriousness in his face. Bob went scurrying off the dock and rolled on the ground.

"It's like a dream!" he shouted.

"Don't wake the neighbors from theirs," laughed Simmons, who slowly walked home, thinking of an explanation to give his parents for his late arrival.

Fred hopped into his new convertible and threw the sails in behind him.

"Coming, Al?"

I looked back into the inky blackness; and then I heard the words that made my blood boil.—"What about another trip to the Light?"

"Why not? Why not?"

* * *

"This Constitution can end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, only when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Class of 1720

Keeping Up With The Neighbors

THOMAS J. HEGARTY, '53

I UNDERSTAND THAT two "tribes" of New York City "cliff-dwellers" often live in adjoining apartments for a generation without exchanging even nods upon meeting. My parents and I, however, have more than a "nodding" acquaintance with our nearest West Roxbury neighbors, who live in the cottage across the hedge. It was almost a necessity for our families to become friendly, for both houses are cut off from the rest of the neighborhood by a short but forbidding stretch of woods. In spite of this fact, an incident occurred in 1946 which reduced our chain of friendship to a slender thread.

Before 1946, my family and our neighbors, the Smiths, made nearly all plans in common. Mr. Smith became my father's closest friend and bowling companion; Mrs. Smith, community gossip "par excellence", regularly disclosed choice tidbits of news to my mother; and I could almost endure "Bobby," the Smith's ape-like offspring. Yes, our families had fun together.

In April, 1946, the Smiths purchased a television set. The change was amazing; they degenerated rapidly from a gregarious family to a mole-like trio, who spent nearly all their time before the electronic "eye" of their "Cyclops." Mr. Smith no longer bowled with my father on Tuesday nights; Mrs. Smith no longer called on my mother to go to the Women's Club. Indeed, the only time we ever saw our neighbors was in the early hours of the morning when T.V. channels were not broadcasting. Then we could see them squinting myopically across the shrubbery.

On a warm May evening the Smiths finally invited us to watch their favorite show. As we entered their darkened living room, they began to enumerate the benefits of television.

"You have no idea how conducive television is to relaxation," said Mr. Smith. He was not in the least embarrassed that he had nearly been fired for "relaxing" too much and too often at the office.

"What marvelous recipes I've gotten from the television cooking school!" confided Mrs. Smith. She was not disturbed that her family had been eating out of cans exclusively since the arrival of the television set.

"Television is eed-yoo-caish-un-ul," squeaked "Bobby". He was not concerned that the drops in his grades had made him eligible for the Muldoon School for Exceptional Children.

Finally Mrs. Smith leaned over to my mother and asked, *sotto voce*, "You're getting a set, aren't you?"

"Why, no! They're much too expensive, and anyhow we're waiting for color T.V.," laughed Mother.

"I understand perfectly," said Mrs. Smith in her most soothing tones.

The following week, when Mother attended the Women's Club meeting, she quickly learned that Mrs. Smith had left her seat by the telephone long enough to spread the story that my family might soon be another case for the Welfare Department. "Mom" and "Dad" decided shortly thereafter that, rather than begin to receive food and "cast-offs" from well-meaning friends, we should buy a set. Before the television was installed, however, it was determined that we might watch only one program daily, without allowing T.V. to interrupt our mode of living.

I shall not disclose how closely my family has been observing this decision; but since the advent of television, I have been troubled with intermittent backaches, and my entire family has resorted to the wearing of thick-lensed glasses.

Trials of a Bus-Boy

HARVEY J. GRASFIELD, '53

"GET UP, you lazy, good-for-nothing bum," my mother yelled. "Why don't you get a job?" I looked at her in astonishment. She called me a "lazy bum"! My pride was hurt. After all, five weeks of belittlement did my ego no good at all. My mind was made up; I resolved to get a job in a nearby restaurant. The job of bus-boy required no skill, but breaking the news to Mother might prove disastrous. I explained it very simply, and Mother just couldn't wait to get rid of me.

My first four days of work were spent on the graveyard shift (five P.M. to two A.M.). The first day proved the most interesting and educational of them all. I learned, first of all, never to be caught idle by the owner. Second, I found out that cleaning tables was only a small part of my job. I also had to run errands for any employee who called, serve water during the rush, and "find a bottle of ketchup for the little gray-haired old lady in the end booth." Getting along with the job and the employees was not difficult, but life was made miserable by the owner and his wife. The novices were initiated by being sent into the kitchen for buckets of steam. Since these were out of season when I was hired, I merely had to find a "medium-sized sky-hook."

The days sped by quickly, and finally pay-day arrived. When I received the envelope, it seemed to be bulging with money. I had received \$11.35 in nickels and dimes. I spent my day off leisurely loafing around the house



as I had done previous to my job. The next day found me back in my white apron and carrying heavy trays, wiping tables, running errands — the usual back-breaking routine. This might sound discouraging; and, as a matter of fact, it was. As soon as I got acquainted with the waitresses, however, I discovered that I could have a good time, after all.

After a week and a half of hard work and some recreation, I felt that I had earned enough for retirement. I notified the owner that I was taking the rest of the summer off. He replied in no uncertain terms that I was fired. This abrupt reply permanently ended my career as a bus-boy.



A Night Sky

EUGENE PETERS, '53

MANY PEOPLE who spend their lives in the city are inclined to forget that a black, velvet canopy, sprinkled with twinkling diamonds, slowly creeps across the sky at night. Even when these people travel to the country or seashore, they neglect the spectacle of indescribable beauty which adorns the heavens every evening. When the idea of viewing the night sky is presented, these individuals rebel in horror at 'such a waste of time.' It is incredible that some one who readily appreciates a great symphony or work of art can glance at the star-studded heavens with all their awe-inspiring beauty and say, "I don't see anything!"

No knowledge of weighty treatises and complicated, mathematical formulas—only an appreciation of beauty is necessary to enjoy the majesty of such a sight. One evening with an amateur astronomer or an experienced observer will unfold the mysteries and wonders of the heavens and will fire the novice with a desire for more information. The majority of people, once they acquire some knowledge of the heavens, rapidly become avid readers

in the field and often develop into amateur astronomers, making regular observations and records.

The study of the stars is as limitless as the universe itself. Men such as Copernicus have devoted their lives to astronomy. A great number of other people acquire some knowledge of a few constellations, gradually learn to recognize a few more stellar systems, but never go beyond. These persons, who cannot be classified as amateur astronomers nor as novices, are among the comparatively few who realize a concert of celestial beauty awaits them on a clear night when the stars are brightly shining with all their radiant, breath-taking fascination.

The practical uses of the stars, such as a timepiece and a compass for navigators on the sea and in the air, need not be elaborated. In the future the stars will probably serve another purpose, that of sign-posts, for the men who will eventually reach through extraterrestrial space. These pioneers will be comforted—slightly, at least—to know that, wherever they go, old friends will be there, waiting for them.

A Driving Lesson

MARC HERBERT RICHMAN, '53

I seat myself behind the wheel,
Allow some time to get the "feel,"
I turn ignition on with the key,
Press starter and pull the knob marked "C."
I step on the clutch and then on gas,
As gear-shift into first I pass.
The car rides smoothly along the way,
But I can't relax, try as I may.
I heed the lights—red, yellow, green,
And think that driving's rather keen.
I take the test of "start and stop,"
And follow signals of the traffic cop.
Finally, this instruction comes to an end,
As homeward bound our way we wend.

The Battlefield

ROBERT J. SWARTZ, '53

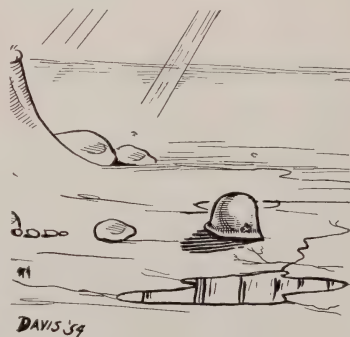
I HAVE BEEN everywhere in search of the answer to my problem. I have been to Waterloo, where the great general Napoleon finally met his nemesis; to Normandy, where remnants of the greatest war man has ever fought still may be seen by the human eye; to Gettysburg, where a divided nation fought against itself; to Concord, where a nation, in its infancy, fought for independence against a foe ten times as powerful as itself; and to Seoul, where a mature nation is now fighting for the freedom of another.

Yet, in not one of these places have I found the answer to my problem; in not one of these places could I say, "My riddle is solved. May man benefit by it!" Not that all my journeys have been in vain, and my valuable time wasted; for each famous battlefield contributed a little towards the solution of my problem. The trips, however, could have been avoided; for, you see, I have found the answer in my own home town; and the strange thing about it is that, never, in the history of America, has my town been stained with the blood of battle.

It happened when I had returned from my last trip and was walking along the street towards my home. Two men were passing by, when one of them made a remark that the other didn't like. Almost immediately, they were at each other's throats, forgetting that, only a moment before, they had been walking along, the best of friends. And there, before my eyes, was the answer to the problem which I had spent years trying to solve; and, with it solved, things looked darker than ever for the human race. I sat down and thought back a while, to the time when I first had developed my problem.

It had been shortly after I had seen a picture about the terrible destruction that the atomic bomb had caused

over Hiroshima. I had begun to wonder. What would have happened if that bomb, and many others, had been dropped on our cities instead of on those of the enemy? The picture that formed in my mind was one of horrible destruction, slaughter, and confusion. From that moment on, I resolved to find out the cause of wars and try to help man and by writing a book on the reasons that the Civil War, the Russian Revolution, and many other conflicts were waged.



But now that I have that reason, I feel as helpless as ever to try to give mankind a shove in the right direction; for the cause of these wars is very simple and is something that all the books in the world cannot help. It is something that will live, as long as man himself lives; something that cannot be driven away by sermons or treatises, for it is the nature of man himself. As long as man lives and thinks, he will always have his own opinion about certain matters and will be willing to fight for his views. He will always wage wars, kill his fellow-man, and devastate the Earth until he outsmarts himself by becoming the cause of his own downfall and killing himself off. Now I see how wrong I was in trying to find the reason for

wars in the smoldering battlefields of past conflicts. You see, there is no place on Earth that is not a battlefield itself; in other words, the Earth we live

on is one huge battlefield, on which tiny men will fight their battles and wage their wars until eternity or the Atomic Bomb stops them.

On Being Fat

THOMAS J. HEGARTY, '53

SOME CREATURES the world pities; others it laughs at. Nothing else alive, however, is as subject to both pity and ridicule as fat people. With one breath slimmer mortals say, "Nobody loves a fat man;" and with another they howl at the awkward antics of overweight comedians.

Of the countless obese, there is a temporary class to which the newly plump belongs. The infallible sign of this group is an indefatigable hunt for diets and exercises. Perhaps, if energy spent in selecting and discussing diets were applied to following them, the well-rounded would cease to be stout. Usually, however, excess weight is not lost, and the unlucky ones join the permanently pudgy.

One such group are the fatalistic "fatties," who feel that girth is ordained and eternal dimensions are jotted down in the Recording Angel's little gold book. He accepts his destiny.

The stoics refuse to consider physical discomfort. They endure stares and hoots with dignified resignation.

The epicurean "Fatso" also ignores insults. As he believes that satisfaction is his most important goal, he has devoted his life to his greatest pleasure—good eating.

The self-deceiving fat ones try vainly to convince themselves that they have retained their slenderness. The mere intimation that the face appears a bit fuller will bring rage or despair. The makers of reducing tablets thrive on this group. Be wary in approaching them, for they have not the good nature that is thought to accompany poundage.

Time, better distribution of food, and less hard work are swelling the numbers of fat people. Perhaps, in the future, present-day "heavies" will no longer have to contend with undersized furnishings and doorways. If the entire world becomes fat, what type of "fatty" are you going to be?

Perpetual Motion

PHILIP GARBER, '52

The Sea rolls on and on,
Through sun and sleet, rain and snow.
Small ships and large float on her surface,
While underneath the fish swim by.
The shore, quite near, is her complement.
The lofty poplar points an approving finger skyward;
The willow weeps at the marriage of the Sea and Sky.
At night, the stars peek through a veil of gauze
And, twinkling, smile down with diamond light.
As Dawn pushes back Darkness, red turns to gold,
And black to clearest blue.
Always, no matter what, when all is said and done,
The Sea rolls on and on,
An endless perpetual motion.

Let the World Know

S. H. ZOLA, '56

THE NIGHTS are usually clear on the Black Rock Desert of Nevada. Edward Gardner was happy in his location as he set up his astronomical equipment on the flats while the sun was setting behind the Granite Range. Quickly, darkness laid her black cloak over the land, and the Big Dipper and Polaris twinkled brightly over Pahute Peak. Forty miles away was the town of Gerlach, in Washoe County; but the long drive out to the desert should be resultful.

Being a professional meteorologist and astronomer, Gardner had no trouble in setting up his equipment. He was soon peering through his telescope. A pale silver moon, coming over the Jackson Mountains, moved silently through the boundless void. Then something caught the doctor's attention. To the right of Massacre Point, slightly higher than its summit, was an almost infinitesimal speck, rapidly growing larger. It was illuminated. The doctor calculated it to be about one hundred twenty miles away; and, at the rate of its growth, thought its speed to be approximately one thousand miles per hour! Impossible! Astounded, the doctor took his eye from the lens of the telescope and discovered that, even without the aid of it, he could see the object!

Back to his telescope. The thing, now taking on a discernible shape, appeared as a disc-like rocketship with a bluish-green luminous glow. Headed in the direction of Sulphur City, it would pass directly over Gardner's location. Or would it pass? The disc had about a half-dozen windows which glowed with a greenish light. No exhaust trail was visible, and the disc was now about twenty miles away. To the doctor, the disc looked to be at an altitude of about fifty thousand feet. Details, although not many on the surface of the ship, became clearer.

It glowed completely and was about one hundred feet in diameter and twenty feet high at the widest points of its parabolic curves. Through the telescope, no doors or openings were visible, except for the windows, through which the greenish light was now flashing on and off.

At about ten miles away, the body of the disc became completely dark, and only the windows were visible. The doctor, tense, wondered what would happen next. The disc seemed to be slowing down. The green light inside stopped flashing and stayed on. It was now only five miles away. The doctor, moving away from his telescope, just watched the disc glide along. At such a distance, some kind of roar or exhaust sound should have been heard; but only the doctor's heavy breathing broke the stillness of the desert. His heart was beating like a Pawnee Indian's drum, and a cold sweat was rolling down his forehead.

A soft hum, gradually becoming louder, broke the final silence of the



area; and the strange disc, now about a mile away, began to descend rapidly. Again the body lit up with a bluish-green glow. The moon seemed to be reeling crazily. The doctor ran for cover behind his car. The alien ship was now but one hundred yards away. As the hum turned into a deafening roar, the left a cloud of sand and dust in its wake. The roar was then silenced; and, with a gentle thud, the disc settled on a low dune near by. All was quiet.

Crouched behind the rear fender of his car, Dr. Gardner watched in awe as the bright glow of the disc slowly dissipated. Now the windows looked like green panels floating in the pitch-blackness. Clouds floated from in front of the moon, and once more the ominous shape became visible against the dark horizon. Gripping curiosity made the doctor crawl from behind his car and stand up to observe the mute scene. Maybe he was crazy; but he started to walk toward the disc slowly, hoping that he would have sense enough to turn around and flee. But he kept on walking. The details of the inside of the ship were blurred at that distance, but Gardner could see nothing moving. Then he stopped dead in his tracks! The lights in the disc were off! His blood ran cold, and his teeth chattered! A rectangular crack appeared in the side of the disc. It moved out of place, exposing itself as an exit. But that was not what caused Gardner's mind to fill with horror. In the darkness of the hatch he could see two glowing spots about five inches apart! Eyes? Gardner shuddered at the thought.

Something confirmed the theory that the luminous spots were eyes. They began to move down a ramp, evidently, because they got lower as they advanced! Gardner's mind could not grasp what he saw. In the moonlight was the silhouette of a creature about eight feet tall, with two legs and objects something like hands at its sides. The rest was indescribable. How could he tell what it looked like in the eerie moonlight? He stood, petrified, his

brain reeling with terror. Then, to his amazement, the creature spoke in plain English!

"You are an earthman?"

"I-I am," stuttered Gardner in horror.

"I am from Jupiter. I had hoped not to come upon any of you. I learned your tongue by listening to your elementary communications."

"What do you want here?" asked Gardner, now fearful of what the reply would be.

"Our planet is gradually dying out, although it is not evident to scientists that life even occurred on it! Our experts have studied the entire universe and decided that your planet's conditions are ideal for the survival of our people. We will unfortunately have to exterminate your race to make room on this world. I have been sent to accomplish this mission by using what you call germ-warfare. When my space-disc takes off, it will leave behind exactly a ton of our most potent and fastest multiplying germs. In a month, your race will have been eliminated. But as you now have knowledge of our plans, you will have to return to Jupiter with me!"

Gardner was too horrified to speak.

"Come with me!" said the creature.

The sun was just coming over the horizon as these last words were spoken. Inside the disc, the doctor was placed in a pressure-adjusted seat and strapped down securely. His captor went into a different compartment, leaving Gardner to contemplate his fate and that of the world. A humming noise filled the whole disc, and a roar soon took its place. Everything vibrated from the force. The disc left the earth. The doctor observed through a porthole and saw that they were about a mile above the desert, where a black vaporous mass had been left to carry out its sinister task.

And now the beautiful sun rises on an unsuspecting world and bathes everything in its light and its warmth. It beats down upon a lone automobile and some equipment standing in the middle of a barren desert.

The Beach at Low Tide

HARVEY J. GRASFIELD, '53

MANY PEOPLE in this world envy others who spend the summer at the seashore. The fact is that they visit the beaches only at high tide. We (my family) own a cottage by the seashore and have an entirely different opinion on the matter.

Our life at the beach is strictly governed by the tides and winds. At high tide, we are able to open all the windows and breathe in the fresh salt air; on the other hand, at low tide we shut all the windows and nearly suffocate in preference to the stench.

You may ask what causes this stench. A good question! It is most likely the clams. Our beach is probably the clammiest beach in the country. Instead of rocks and sand, this beach is covered with clam shells. Rumor has it that the moon has no bearing on the tides at our beach; the

clams just drink up or let out the water.

Some enterprising young fool once wanted to find out if there was anything under all those clamshells besides more clamshells. Astonishing as it might seem, there was something under it all—a substance called muck. Its smell, which was completely different, proved conclusively that the beach certainly was variable in its odors. Occasionally, sea-weed lingered on the clamshells at low tide, and its “fragrance” would add to our miseries.

The odors got so bad that a politician running for alderman of the town used “‘Air Wick’ for every room in the house” as his campaign slogan. But we have been taught to look at the bright side of a very smelly situation; and as the beach folk say, “There’s always a high tide for every low tide, and may the day soon come when the clam-diggers take them all away.”

The Prisoner

PHILIP GARBER, '52

The Wanderlust comes over me . . .
 I long to leave this land for sea,
 To taste the saltness of the air
 And see the winds shake out the yards.
 Of white, new canvas on the yards.
 That . . . and foam beneath the keel.
 I long to see the grateful gulls
 That dart and wheel to catch the scraps
 Which kindly sailors cast to them.
 I long to feel the freedom
 Of the vast and deep and sullen seas.

Alas, a leaden, binding chair
 Will ne'er unleash me from its coils. . .
 But I may dream; and, dreaming, break
 The chains that hold me all too close.
 In dreams and hopes, the chains are lost,
 And freedom leads me by the hand
 To open seas and far-off places,
 Where She and Peace rule o'er the land
 Where dreams and hopes can yet come true.

Water, Water, Everywhere

WALTER R. SILVA, '53

EVERY PERSON has had some experience with water—swimming, fishing, rowing, skating, or taking a bath. His experience may range all the way from watching mosquito wrigglers in a can of rain-water to taking a long voyage. He may have been caught in a flood or becalmed in a sailboat. He may have the best place to catch catfish or dig for clams. He may have raised guppies or bait-minnows for market. He may even have helped to control water by planting trees and grass or by building dams. He may have rowed around in a glass-bottom boat, looking at corals and brightly colored fish. Whatever his experience, new thrills and excitement await him. If he learns a few fundamental things about natural waterways—streams, rivers, creeks, lakes, ponds, or puddles, or even the oceans and bays, he can have thrilling and valuable experiences. If he makes the most of his opportunities, water can mean much more to him than it does now.

Water provides shelter for many kinds of wildlife. Some ducks will take to flight when disturbed; but other water birds—such as grebes, loons, and cormorants—will dive and swim to safety. The person who has tried to catch insects or frogs knows that water provides a place of safety for these animals. If he has tried to catch a whirligig beetle as it swims in crazy circles on the water, he can well understand why it is called a “lucky bug.” He is lucky if he can catch one before it dives.

Turtles, muskrats, minks, and otters escape death or danger by diving and swimming to a safe place to rise and get another breath of air. Watch turtles or diving ducks. See how long they can stay under water and how far they can swim. Often they will seem to disappear, but they come up under the shelter of a bank where we cannot see them.



Just as one particular kind of animal lives where the plants are tall and another where they are short, so underwater animals also depend largely on the plants with which they are associated.

On the bottom of brooks and lakes may be occasional caverns, where fish and other animals lurk. In almost any brook that is a home for crayfish, one may see piles of fresh material at the entrances of burrows these animals have dug. Loosely piled stones on a brook-bottom, waterlogged tops of trees sunken in lakes, waving masses of waterweeds are but a few of the fresh-water shelters he can find. On sea-bottom, loose shells, tangles of corals, and sunken waste materials may provide shelters that should be explored by any person wishing to find an unusual animal. Even the loose mud provides shelter for many things like crabs, that seem able to bury themselves instantly when protection is needed.

These are but a few of the customary habitats and refuges of waterlife animals. Further experience will prove interesting, useful, and sometimes startling.

Concert Notes

THOMAS J. HEGARTY, '53

IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, when melting snows of winter turn sidewalks into unlicensed skating-rinks, the Boston Public School Senior Symphony Orchestra begins its annual concert tour of junior high schools. In altruistically attempting to convince other "teen-agers" of the merits of serious music, the members of the orchestra are as much on exhibition as goldfish in a public aquarium. Indeed, the musicians have much in common with the gilled creatures; for, just as the gleaming fish are confined to their hollow transparent spheres, the orchestra is crowded onto an inadequate stage in a school of the Director's choosing to be stared at in awe or in disgust by an unwilling audience.

On the morning of a concert, as well as throughout the day, many problems face the member of the orchestra:

- (1.) *He must remember to bring a note from his parents to the school office approving his dismissal.*
- (2.) *He must wait patiently while the note is sanctioned.*
- (3.) *He must bring the note to his homeroom teacher and to the subject-masters from whose classes he is excused (if he wishes to avoid a censure for "cutting" a class.)*
- (4.) *At noon, he must go again to the office to sign the dismissal book and to hand over his note, which has, perhaps, signatures enough for a treaty of war.*
- (5.) *He must start on his trip to a school of which he has not heard, in a part of the city with which he is not familiar, by means of the very uncertain M.T.A., from whose conductors he must receive traveling directions.*

The old Chinese proverb states right-

ly that even a journey of one thousand miles starts with a first step; for, once the right street-car is found, the actual trip passes quickly and uneventfully.

At the beginning of a concert, the mood of the listeners often creates a problem for the conductor: the introverts of the orchestra, who desire solitude at all times, perform at their best only for a quiet but attentive audience; whereas the exhibitionists, who delight in making a spectacle of themselves, are insulted if the orchestra receives anything short of an ovation. Nevertheless, the problems of the orchestra on the day of the concert, as compared with its problems before that day, is as the destructive power of the "spit-ball" to that of the atom bomb.

Early in the school year, the Senior Symphony must search for young musicians with (a) showmanship and (b) the ability to follow the interpretations of the director. When a sufficient number of players are gathered together, the long rehearsals begin. In a room of the Boston Latin School, for two hours on Mondays and Fridays, the group, with its competent leader—Mr. Trongone, "tackle" the stacks of selected music. It must not be thought, however, that the work of the orchestra ends with rehearsals; for between meetings, the leader must simplify unwieldy orchestrations and all others must practise to retain skills and to perfect new selections.

Occasionally I am asked if rehearsals are time-consuming and stand as an obstacle to my other activities. I am reminded that Thomas Carlyle, the great philosopher, claimed that there is time in every man's life for an avocation. From my experience in the Department of Music, I have come to realize that hobbies and careers are not had by hoping and wishing. They must be earned with work and enthusiasm.

EDITORIALS

Youth

Now and then we should stop to take inventory of all that we have, both as individuals and as a nation. What is our country's greatest asset? Does it consist of raw materials, the means of production, or perhaps weapons such as the A-bomb or H-bomb? All these are worthy of consideration; yet they do not, by any means, measure up to America's greatest asset — its youth.

To us has been handed down a glorious heritage: a Declaration of Independence, a Constitution, and a Bill of Rights. With these, we, as future voters, as participants in every phase of democratic life, hold in our hands the future of our country. On our shoulders rests the task of bettering ourselves, yes — but also, of carrying on where our adult predecessors have left off. In troubled times such as these, men look to the coming generation; for it will determine the future of our civilization — whether there be peace or war, progress or retrogression.

If the future is to be one of peace, freedom, and security, we, the youth of America, must derive from our environment moral strength. We must acquire from our education and experience and understanding of our fellow-men. Above all, we must instill in ourselves the desire to create and build.

Although some say that the world is changing and that the youth of today are faced with greater obstacles than the youth of fifty years ago, although governments rise and fall, basic principles of good never change. The Ten Commandments have as much meaning today as they had when Moses received them on Mount Sinai. The great words of Thomas Jefferson are as true today as in 1776: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and Pursuit of Happiness." The principles these words represent have not changed, nor will they ever change. Once we have acquired a love of and devotion to these Eternal Ideals, no matter what difficulties confront us, we shall attain success.

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I Am Who?

HENRY S. HEIFETZ, '53

In line with our new feature, the "I Am Who?" contest, the *Latin School Register* hereby presents No. 3 of its 11,446 contest paragraphs. Complete rules and information for this world-shaking competition have already been given. Your first "I Am Who's?" have already been published. Now, for the benefit of all those contestants who are eagerly awaiting their next crack at the "Pot of Gold," (First prize will be an adult male hippopotamus.) the *Register* proudly presents No. 3.

Remember, after identifying all 11,446 puzzles, send your answer sheet together with the front pages from past *Registers* (Only front pages will be accepted) to Box 469783124, Alzboc, Afghanistan.

(All entries must be sent to this address and not to the *Register* itself.)

And now:

3. Yes hmmm yes. I teach the classics yes hmmm yes well I believe that my students yes my students should know their state mottoes yes mottoes of the states yes I am preparing my pupils to recite at parties and dances yes Quo Usque Tandem Abutere is my favorite work I am, hmmm WHO ?

The Changing Years

KEITH O'DONNEL, '53

Man happily begins life as a boy.
 Unchanged he lives in a world of his own
 Until the world decides
 To make something of him.
 Forced into the world,
 He slowly loses some qualities of youth.
 The smile is still there, but not so often;
 He has neither time nor chance to explore.
 But this is the pattern.
 Success may come to him,
 But he will wish himself again a boy.





Baseball

Latin Mauled in Opener

April 15, 1952

On a cold and rainy day at Draper Field, Latin's baseball team made its 1952 debut against Charlestown. Wladyszewski, Charlestown's pitcher, allowing only three well-scattered hits and one walk, had complete control of the game. As a result of this outstanding pitching exhibition and Latin's inability to field the ball cleanly (eight errors), it was a one-sided Charlestown victory, 11 - 0.

Charlestown found Wilkinson, the Latin pitcher, for a double and a walk in the first inning and teed off for five runs in the second. O'Rourke, taking over, gave up only one run in the next three innings. In the top of the sixth, Kennedy relieved O'Rourke and held Charlestown scoreless for the next three innings. In the ninth, however, Charlestown players began once more to hit and score five more runs to make the final score 11 - 0.

Strike-Outs

Almost every other out was *via* the strike-out route, as Wladyszewski fanned thirteen; and the Latin pitchers, ten. . . . Several B.L.S. men hit the ball hard, but right at the Charlestown players. . . . Pete Polishuck made several sterling catches of difficult fly balls. . . . The Latin School players awarded the Charlestown coach an Oscar for an outstanding histrionic display when he, sporting an 11 - 0 lead, made a big fuss about a play at second base. The umpire, however, would not stand for any of his nonsense and gave him thirty seconds to get off the playing field.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Katz 2b	4	0	1	1
Fitzgerald lf	2	0	2	0
Dailey lf	2	0	1	0
Dickey rf	4	0	1	0
Aghjayan 1b	4	1	5	2
Kannegieser cf	2	0	0	0
Shnider ss	3	1	1	3
Livolsi 3b	2	0	2	1
McAvoy 3b	1	1	0	0

Latin Smears Roslindale

April 17, 1952

The sun shone brightly at Draper Field, as Latin's nine, aided by John Kolsti's excellent pitching performance, trimmed Roslindale 7-0, for their first win of the season. Kolsti, giving up only four hits, didn't allow a runner to reach third. He struck out nine and gave five free trips.

In the first inning, with two men out, singles by Dickey, Aghjayan, and Kannegieser, and an error by the pitcher produced two runs. In the second, Duke Shnider was given first on interference by the catcher. He then stole second and scored on Zumie Katz's single. Haig Aghjayan opened the third with a long fly ball, on which the leftfielder made a two-base error. As Aghjayan stole third, the catcher enabled Haig to come across the plate when he threw the ball into left field. Kannegieser then walked, Dickey singled, and Shnider laid down a bunt for a beautiful sacrifice, on which Kannegieser scored. Barrett, in the last of the fifth, lifted a high fly-ball which the left fielder

dropped and then threw wild to first base. Then Barrett scored on Frank Dickey's long triple; and Frank, on Aghjayan's fly out, tagged up and scored the final run of the game, in which Latin shut out Roslindale 7 - 0.

Solid Drives

Frank Dickey and Johnny Kannegieser belted the ball into deep right center-field for triples. . . . John Kolsti, besides his great pitching, snagged a vicious line-drive in the third inning. . . . John Kannegieser, switched from the outfield to shortstop, made the fielding gem of the game when he backed up third-baseman Duke Shnider and stopped a sharp ground ball in the second. . . . Latin tightened its defense in the infield and made only one error.

	A.B.	H.	P.O.	A.
Katz 2b	4	1	2	0
Barrett R.F.	4	0	0	0
Dickey C.F.	4	2	1	0
Aghjayan lb	4	1	8	0
Kannegieser S.S.	3	2	1	4
Dailey L.F.	4	1	0	1
Shnider 3b	1	0	2	2
Meland C.	4	0	9	0
Kolsti P.	3	0	1	4

Latin Drops Thriller

April 21, 1952

Against Roxbury Memorial at Draper Field in West Roxbury, Latin lost its second game in three starts. John Kolsti, pitching his second successive game, was bothered by a sore arm and consequently didn't have his usual control; but he managed to go the distance to lose a tough decision in the tenth 8 - 7.

The Roxbury players got to Kolsti early and quickly piled up six runs in the first four innings. Meanwhile, Morris blanked B.L.S. for the first seven innings. During the last of the eighth, a triple by Dickey, a walk, and an error produced two runs; and in the ninth, Shnider's hit, Barrett's walk, a three-run homer — a towering 350-

foot drive which cleared the right-field fence—by Dickey, an error and a double by Frank Casey tied up the game at 6 - 6. Roxbury collected two runs in their half of the tenth; and in Latin's half, Shnider singled, Barrett walked, and Aghjayan hit a bingle to drive across the last Latin run of the game. As noted above, it was not enough; and we lost in the tenth.

	A.B.	H.	P.O.	A.
Shnider 2b	6	2	2	3
Barrett R.F.	3	0	3	0
Dickey C.F.	6	2	1	0
Aghjayan lb	5	1	10	1
Kannegieser S.S.	5	0	1	1
Dailey L.F.	4	2	0	0
Casey 3b	5	1	2	2
Katz 3b	0	0	0	0
Meland C.	4	0	10	0
Kolsti P.	5	1	2	2

Latin Tramples Jamaica Plain

April 30, 1952



PHOTO BY KENNEDY

Latin, with Bill O'Rourke going the distance to win his first starting assignment of the year, defeated J.P. 10-3 at Draper Field and evened up their league record at 2-2. The "left-hander's stuff" was breaking sharply, and he wasn't in trouble during any inning of the game.

With one out in the first inning, Kannegieser tripled and came across to score the first run of the game on a wild pitch. Dickey then walked, stole second, and scored when he stole third and the catcher threw the ball into left field. In the second, on successive walks by Kolsti, McAvoy, and Meland, and Barrett's hit, Latin scored two more. With the aid of three errors, the Purple got two more in the third. Latin salted away the game with a two-run sixth-inning uprising on Kolsti's double, Aghjayan's single, and a hit by O'Rourke. They conclusively won the game when, in the seventh, the J.P. pitcher hit Dailey,

walked Kolsti and Aghjayan, and gave up a two-run single to Meland. J.P. scored the final two runs in the eighth.

Bases on Balls

Jamaica Plain's pitching staff helped B.L.S. by allowing ten bases on balls and hitting one player, while O'Rourke gave up only four walks. . . . In an effort to help his Alma Mater, one of the J.P. students kept flashing the rays of the sun (with the use of a mirror) into the B.L.S. player's eyes. His plan, however, was foiled when the ump was informed about this by Ye R.R.R.

	A.B.	H.	P.O.	A.
Barrett R.F.	4	1	2	0
Kannegieser S.S.	5	1	4	1
Dickey C.F.	4	0	2	0
Casey 3b	5	1	1	1
Dailey L.F.	3	2	3	0
Kolsti 2b	3	1	0	1
McAvoy 1b	0	0	1	0
Aghjayan 1b	1	1	5	0
Meland C.	3	1	9	0
O'Rourke P.	3	1	0	3

Latin Tops Trade

May 2, 1952

The Purple, behind the steady pitching of John Kolsti, defeated Trade, 6 - 4, at Fens Stadium. The scoring began early in the game, with Latin drawing first blood in the top half of the second inning. Daley reached on a bunt, and Aghjayan dropped a Texas-league double in right centerfield. After a strikeout, Meland smashed a two-base hit down the right-field line, scoring both runners from second and third.

In the last of the third, Trade rallied for four runs on four hits and an error. Kolsti settled down, however, and was master of the situation for the remainder of the game. The Trade lead lasted until the fifth. In that inning, the roof fell in on the Trade pitcher. Fitzgerald started it with a single and moved to second when Dickey walked. Casey doubled, scoring "Fitzie". Daley then topped a ball down the third-base line; but when the Trade pitcher threw the ball ten feet over the first baseman's head, two more runs scored and Daley landed on third. When he scored on Aghjayan's infield hit, the score read 6 - 4.

The only other threat for either team came in the bottom of the eighth. Trade put the tying runs on second and third with two men out. Kolsti, however, threw three fast balls past the Trade pinch-hitter, and the rally was stifled. The game ended triumphantly, with Kolsti retiring the side in the ninth on five pitches to preserve a 6 - 4 triumph.

Control

The game was well pitched for both sides—as Carney of Trade struck out nine men and gave up only one base on balls and Latin's Kostli fanned seven and allowed three free passes. . . . Zummie Katz turned in the fielding play of the day as he tagged out the runner who, going from first to second on a ground ball, tried to take Zummie out of the play and in doing so overslid second base. . . . The contest was a tight one all the way, and neither side had conclusively won until the last out in the ninth.

Latin Loses Tight One

May 6, 1952

Once again, B.L.S.'s team came from behind in the late innings and almost tied the game, only to lose a heart-breaker 10 - 9, to East Boston at Draper Field. In the first few innings, Bill O'Rourke was untouchable and didn't allow a run.

In the fourth, however, the roof fell in on him, and Eastie banged across four runs. Meanwhile, in the first three innings, Latin scored four times. Fitzgerald walked, stole second, and scored on an error. Kannegieser

then walked, but was out at second. Dickey came through when he reached first on a fielder's choice, stole second, and scored on another error. Latin got the other two runs when Kannegieser homered, Dickey tripled, and Casey doubled. The Purple broke the tie in the fifth when Dickey reached first again on a fielder's choice, stole second, and scored on two successive errors. O'Rourke, nevertheless, couldn't hold the lead and gave up two runs in each of the following

three innings. Latin, after two were out in the eighth, pushed across three runs on a walk, Meland's single, a double by Barrett, and a clutch hit by "Fritzie". On successive singles by Kolsti, Katz, and Meland, B.L.S. managed to score one more in the ninth, but the game ended 10 - 9 in favor of East Boston.

Hits Galore

The Purple and White collected eleven hits, among them three extra-base wallops—a double by Casey, Dickey's triple, and a tremendous home run by Johnny Kannegieser. . . . East

Boston banged out thirteen hits, including three triples and two doubles. . . . Catcher Ralph Meland made a good catch of a pop-up in the top of the sixth to save a lot of trouble.

	A.B.	H.	P.O.	A.
Fitzgerald L.F.	5	1	0	0
Dailey R.F.	2	0	0	0
Shnider R.F.-S.S.	3	0	2	0
Barrett R.F.	2	1	0	0
Kannegieser S.S.-P.	3	2	0	0
Dickey C.F.	5	1	5	0
Kolsti 2b	4	1	1	2
Casey 3b	2	1	0	0
Katz 3b	3	2	0	0
Aghjayan 1b	3	0	9	0
Meland C.	5	3	10	1
O'Rourke P.	2	0	0	5

Latin Tramples South Boston

May 9, 1952

John Kolsti, Frank Casey, and Bob Wilkinson combined to pitch a three-hitter and help Latin swamp South Boston High School 10-1. While tagging out a runner at second-base during the fifth inning, Duke Shnider was spiked on the hand and had to be removed from the game. Kolsti replaced him at second, and Casey came on to pitch. In the eighth, after Casey had walked two and hit a batter, Wilkinson relieved him.

Latin got three runs in the second when the first four men reached on bases on balls, Bob Fitzgerald hit a fielder's choice, and a Southie player made an error. B.L.S. banged across four more in the third, on Shnider's walk, a triple by Aghjayan, Meland's hit, and a long triple by the pitcher. When Kannegieser walked, Shnider and Meland singled, and South Boston errored twice, Latin pushed across two more in the fourth. Southie scored their only run on an error and a single in the fifth. B.L.S. produced the final run of the game in the

eighth, When Wilkinson walked, Aghjayan singled, and the catcher made an error to make the final score a lopsided 10-1 victory in favor of Latin.

Double Plays

The Purple's infield performed as if they were professionals when they pulled off three double-plays (one from Kannegieser to Shnider to Aghjayan, and two from Kannegieser to Kolsti to Aghjayan) and didn't commit an error. . . . Our boys continued to hit the ball hard as Kolsti collected a double and a triple; and Katz, Dickey, and Aghjayan hit triples. . . . To date our J.V.'s are running wild with a 7-0 record.

	A.B.	H.	P.O.	A.
Fitzgerald, lf.	5	1	0	0
Katz. 3b	4	1	1	1
Barrett, rf.	5	0	0	0
Kannegieser, ss.	4	0	1	8
Dickey, cf.	5	1	2	0
Shnider, 2b	1	1	3	3
Aghjayan, 1b	4	2	13	1
Meland, c	4	2	5	1
Kolsti, p	3	2	3	2
Casey, p	1	0	0	2
Wilkinson, p	0	0	0	1



Outdoor Track

Latin Romps in Opener

April 24, 1952

The Latin School outdoor track team made its debut in a tri-meet at White Stadium; and when the final tabulations were made, the Purple was on top with 177½ points, followed by Roxbury Memorial with 137 and Dorchester with 13½.

In Class A, Bob Orfant, Lou Circeo, and George Mayer finished 1 - 2 - 3 in both the shot and the discus. Jim Connolly won the javelin throw as well as placing third in the high jump. Co-Captain Paul Rosenthal also scored twice, including a win in the high hurdles. Dick Wharton, after placing second in the high jump, had little trouble in winning the 880. Co-Captain Barry Quinlan ran well to win the mile. A second by the relay team and tallies by Falcone, Ashe, Vitands, and Prives completed the Class A scoring.

Kev McIntyre proved the outstanding performer in Class B, winning

both the pole vault and the discus. Charlie Smith was first in the broad jump and placed third in the low hurdles. Indoor stalwart Ed Howard won the high jump, and Captain-Elect Bill Bradley did the same in the half-mile. Phil Arena captured a second in the latter. Larry Abrahamson put the shot to a victory, followed by Kraft in third place. A second in the 220 by Horwitz and a second in the relay rounded out the scoring.

Dave Rosenthal won the "C" high jump with a leap of 5'4" (⅛" off the record), and placed second in the hurdles. John McGuire won both the broad jump and the 440; Dick Marshall and Steve Wallack scored victories in the 220 and 100 respectively; and Paul Troiano placed first in the shot. Harvey Ginns, Al Serer, Joe Holtz, and the relay team also contributed to the scoring.

Purple Wins Quad Meet

May 2, 1952

The Latin School tracksters had little trouble in winning their second meet of the season. The Purple and White amassed a total 183 2/3 points against 115 for Trade; 22½ for Dorchester; and 14, for Commerce.

In Class A, Jim Connolly took first place in the 220 after winning the javelin and tying with Dick Wharton for first in the high jump. Other triple-scorers were Lou Circeo and George Mayer. Bob Orfant was a double-winner, taking the shot and the discus. Dick Wharton and Barry Quinlan continued undefeated, winning the 440 and the 880, respectively. The

Purple dominated the hurdle events, with Charles Nicholas winning the lows and Paul Rosenthal and Vin Falcone finishing first and second in the highs. The relay team completed the action by finishing first.

Ed Howard scored thrice in Class B, including seconds in the high jump and broad jump. Dan Kraft and Charles Humber scored in both the discus and the shot. Mike Kolodny took the 220, with Phil Arena second in the 880, and Bill Bradley third in the 440. Shuman and Brodie added to the point-total.

John McGuire featured Class C by

by winning the broad jump and the 440. Dave Rosenthal won the hurdles and tied for first in the high jump. Other winners were Paul Troiano in the shot, Dick Marshall in the 220, and Steve Wallack in the 100. Tallies by Harvey Ginns, Al Serfer, Cole-

man, and Grossman completed the scoring.

Breaking the Tape

On Saturday, May 3, the Latin two-mile relay team of Arena, Quinlan, Bradley, and Wharton took a second in the Annual Amherst Relays.



PHOTO BY KELLY

Tennis

Latin Shuts Out Commerce

Tuesday, April 22

The Latin net squad scored a remarkable 5-0 victory over Commerce at Franklin Field. In this match, the first of the season, the Purple singles players—"Lou" Bortnick, David Bernstein, and "Connie" Yannoni did not lose a single game. The first doubles team, Ronald Stone and Robert Watkins, lost only one game in its triumph. The other doubles partners, Alan Aymes and Martin Jacobson, met the only competition; they lost the second set, but came back in the third.

Drop Shots

Lou Bortnick continued to display the mastery which brought him to the State Finals last year. Coach Thomas has every right to expect another City Championship from this year's squad.

Scores

<i>Singles</i>	
Bortnick	6-0, 6-0
Bernstein	6-0, 6-0
Yannoni	6-0, 6-0
<i>Doubles</i>	
Stone and Watkins	6-0, 6-1
Aymes and Jacobson	6-4, 5-7, 6-3

Latin Blanks Dorchester

Tuesday, April 29

The Purple invaded Roberts Field in Dorchester and put on an extraordinary show of power tennis. In winning 5-0, Latin's netmen lost exactly two games. Bortnick, Bernstein, and Yannoni dropped no games in the singles play. A new doubles team of White and Heifetz likewise triumphed without tasting defeat in one game. Watkins and Charm teamed up in the other doubles match and "spoiled" the afternoon by winning 6-1, 6-1.

Drop Shots

The big three in singles-Bortnick,

Bernstein, and Yannoni—are setting records with their faultless play. . . . Ronald Stone, Fred Charm and Robert Watkins are only freshmen. Mr. Thomas consequently should have no worries for at least three seasons.

Scores

Singles

Bortnick	6-0, 6-0
Bernstein	6-0, 6-0
Yannoni	6-0, 6-0

Doubles

White and Heifetz	6-0, 6-0
Watkins and Charm	6-1, 6-1

Latin Whitewashes Brighton

Wednesday, April 30

Rogers Field in Brighton played host to the Latin tennis squad and witnessed the third consecutive whitewash by the Purple. Bortnick showed the way by winning 6-0, 6-0. Yannoni triumphed, dropping only one game. Bernstein had the only trouble of the afternoon, losing six games but coming out the victor in two sets. White and Heifetz played and won again. A new doubles team, Stone and Kamens, came through with little difficulty.

Drop Shots

Lou Bortnick has not lost a game

all season and has played every match. This remarkable performance is no "fluke", as Lou's smashing game attests. . . . Joel Kamens is only a sophomore and joins the ranks of the B.L.S. "kiddie corps."

Scores

Singles

Bortnick	6-0, 6-0
Bernstein	6-2, 6-4
Yannoni	6-1, 6-0

Doubles

Heifetz and White	6-1, 6-3
Stone and Kamens	6-1, 6-4

Latin Mauls Hyde Park

Tuesday, May 6

The opposition changes, but the result is the same: a 5-0 victory for Latin. Bortnick, Yannoni, and Sadow did the honors in singles; While Aymes—Jacobson and Kamens-Charm won in doubles.

Drop Shots

The 1952 Latin Tennis squad is as follows: Bortnick (captain), Bernstein, Yannoni, Sadow, Stone, Watkins, Kogos, Rosenthal, Jacobson, White,

Heifetz, Charm, Hymans, Kamens, and McLean. The manager is personable and helpful Arthur O'Keefe.

Scores

Singles

Bortnick	6-1, 6-0
Yannoni	6-1, 6-4
Sadow	6-2, 6-1

Doubles

Aymes and Jacobson	6-4, 6-1
Kamens and Charm	6-0, 6-1

Our Lords and Masters



PHOTO BY ROBINSON

James Andrew Coffrey

Teaches math in 232 Born in Lawrence, now resides in Newton Attended High School of Commerce Graduated Boston College (Ph. B. and Ed. M.) At B. L. S. for past two years Has two boys and a girl Served four years in the Air Force Remarks: "After 317 years B. L. S. has the makings of a good school." Hobbies: acting as club sponsor Advice: "Live a good life."

Cornelius John Murphy

Teaches history and geography in 209 Born and now resides in Roslindale Graduated B. C. High and Boston College (B.A., A.M., EdM.) Married; has six children Two sons attending B.L.S. and one graduated B.L.S., now at Harvard Taught at Dorchester H.S. Came to B.L.S. in '27 Commander in U.S. N.R., '42-'45 Remarks: "Stay away from matches." Hobbies: Legion activities Advice: "Remember, the Golden Rule works both ways."



PHOTO BY ROBINSON

Dr. Leo J. McCarthy

Teaches English in 211 Born in South Boston, now resides in Roslindale Graduated B.L.S. '16 Attended Gonzaga U., Spokane, Wash. (A.B. '24, M.A. '25) Ph. D. in English at B.C. '39 Married; one boy First taught at Grover Cleveland J.H.S. and was an English instructor at English and Boston Trade for 22 years At B.L.S. since Jan. 1, '52 Participated in baseball, track, basketball at college Wrote the Tercentenary Poem for School's program Advice: "If you make a mistake, be honest and own up to it."



PHOTO BY KELLY

Alumni Interview

HENRY S. HEIFETZ, '53

Benjamin Franklin, Class of 1720



COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

"A summary of so versatile a genius is impossible."—*Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

The walls of the spacious library were lined with books. As we waited, a brief glance at the titles sufficed to show the comprehensive taste of our host. A wide range of works from Plato and Aristotle to the latest romances held our attention, until a light step at the threshold heralded the arrival of our host; and Mr. Benjamin Franklin—author, diplomat, inventor, editor, philosopher, humanitarian, and greatest American of his time—entered the library of his Philadelphia home.

The affable Mr. Franklin graciously submitted to the inquiries of your *Register* reporter. The great man—dressed in simple, unaffected costume—seemed to derive constant pleasure from the interview, a smile continually spreading over his expansive features. He looked like a contented country person rather than of a world-famous figure.

Concerning his Latin School days, Mr. Franklin recalled little. Fifteenth in a family of seventeen children and youngest son, he was enrolled in the Sixth Class at the age of eight. Much against his will, however, he was unable to continue his classical education. "I continued at the school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to the head of it and, further, was removed into the next class above it. But my father, in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education which, having so large a family, he could not well afford, and the mean living which many so educated were afterwards able to obtain—reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing—altered his first intention and took me from the school."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Franklin was apprenticed to his brother James, a printer; but he then broke his indenture and journeyed to Philadelphia. Of his now well-known entrance into Philadelphia, he smilingly said, "Being hungry after my trip, I went directly to a baker's and purchased three great puff rolls. Having no room in my pockets, I walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up as far as Fourth

Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father, when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

Following marriage in 1731, Mr. Franklin embarked on his great career, too well-known to require detailed description. In 1731-1732, he founded the Philadelphia Library and began publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, a work which, through the twenty-five years of its existence, held a respected place in American homes. Thereafter, great achievement followed great achievement: in 1742, the invention of the Franklin stove; in 1752, his experiments with a kite, which proved that lightning is an electrical discharge; at the outbreak of Revolution, his assistance in drawing up the Declaration of Independence; then, to cap all his brilliant achievements, his appointment, in 1776, as ambassador to France, during the most critical period in American history. Primarily through Franklin's efforts, France recognized the independence of the colonies and became a powerful ally against Great Britain. After long and distinguished service Mr. Franklin retired from public life. His reminiscences conjured up memories of a life during which he enriched his country and humanity in a thousand varied ways.

For a time the great statesman waxed philosophical. Your *Register* reporter listened avidly as Mr. Franklin expounded his views on a multitude of matters. He commented that times had changed since his day and recommended that hard work, nevertheless, still paid heavy dividends. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright. If you love life, then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of."

Carefulness and exactness, both in and out of school, are of preëminent importance; and, as Mr. Franklin said, "want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge." Turning to the subject of leisure-time for the overworked Latin School boy, Mr. Franklin had this to say: "Employ

your time well if you mean to gain leisure; and since you are not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour."

At this time, a glance at the grandfather's clock showed the hour to be growing late; and, not wishing to inconvenience Mr. Franklin excessively, we decided to end our interview with the question customary in all our alumni interviews: "What is your most important message to Latin School boys?"

The genial philosopher thought for a while, then spoke clearly and incisively. "Remember that useful attainments in minority will provide riches

in maturity and that learning is the natural source of wealth and honor. They that won't be counselled can't be helped. Throughout your career, there will be difficulties and inconveniences, but they may be surmounted; and, ultimately, the conveniences will be greater than the inconveniences."

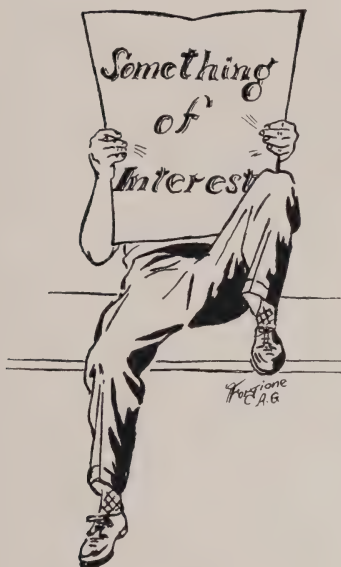
Closing on this note of vital importance to every thinking individual, we gratefully shook hands with our host and left, our interview completed. Latin School may well be proud of this distinguished, ungraduated alumnus; this jack-of-all-trades and master-of-all; this colossus of American history—Mr. Benjamin Franklin.



Who

KEITH O'DONNEL, '53

Who is with me, now that day is done
And quiet stills the place? I stand
As time's sand, having run its course,
Leaves only thoughts and dreams
And me — alone — to pen
These words which come from deep within,
And, like music, paint a picture
That will remain forever
With those who read them.
In them they will find
The beauty of soul and love
Which only a youth may have. . .
And the loneliness, too,
Of being one
Who has nobody to help or share
His life with him.
It's likely she will come one day,
And all the gaps will fill — but who?



Latin School held its first Career Day on Friday, March 21. Classes I, II, and III heard the following distinguished alumni speak on the occupations in which they have distinguished themselves: Mr. Charles Daum, '27—manufacturing and salesmanship; Dr. John P. Treanor, '16—medicine; Dr. William F. Looney, '15—teaching; Mr. Arthur Fiedler, '13—music; Mr. William F. Drummey, '12—architecture and engineering; Mr. Edwin C. Johnson, '00—business; Rabbi Joseph Shubow, '16—ministry; Governor Paul A. Dever, '19—public service and law. The sincerity and eloquence of the speakers made the day one that Latin School will never forget.

* * * *

Under the direction of David Herlihy and Eugene Lanzillo, the Senior Class observed its annual Class Day on April 24. The feature of the program were the Presidential Address, by Edward Rosenthal; the Class Poem, written and delivered by Keith Garland; the Class Oration, by Robert Gargill; and the Class Song, composed and conducted by Sheldon Kaufman. The Class Prophecy, written and presented

THOMAS J. HEGARTY, '53

by Neil Moriarty and Richard Zeytoonjian, and the Class Will, formulated and given by Myer Klein and Harold McKittrick, provided the humorous touches. The graduate address was given by the Most Reverend John J. Wright, D.D., '27, who spoke eloquently on Privilege and Equality. The musical interludes were provided by the Boston Latin School Band and by the soloists Richard Zeytoonjian and Wilfred MacKay, who played the accordion and the bagpipes, respectively.

* * * *



PHOTO BY TYLER

On Friday, April 4, the National Honor Society of the Boston Latin School, in conjunction with Girls' Latin School, presented its second Annual Revue to an overflow audience. In a production teeming with music, dancing, and hilarity, Latin School life—past, present, and future—was depicted. Credit is due to Raymond Temple and Robert Gargill, who directed the entire revue; to Lt. Cannon, who acted as adviser and supervisor; and last, but certainly not least, to the cast and to the writers.

* * * *

On Wednesday, May 7, the Boston Latin School Chapter of the National Honor Society inducted forty-eight new members in its second annual induction ceremony. President Sumner Katz, who delivered the opening address, was followed by Bernard Mc-

Bride, who spoke on *scholarship*; Robert Gargill, who discussed *leadership*; Stephen Greyser, who concerned himself with *service*; and Alan Green, who defined *character*. The italicized qualities comprise eligibility for membership in the Society. The new inductees are A. Aronson, J. Barrett, P. Garber, K. Garland, D. Korff, R. Morante, F. Nardo, J. O'Donnell, T. Shea, A. Viksne, R. Watt, G. Wolkon, A. Aznavorian, G. Bemis, M. Benjamin, P. Carr, E. Cohen, A. Davidson, V. Donlan, S. Fish, M. Forsberg, J. Gibbons, M. M. Goldings, S. Gordon, C. Hasiotis, T. J. Hegarty, H. Heifetz, J. Kaplan, J. Keefe, A. Klainer, J. Kolsti, A. Levenson, M. Levin, M. Lifson, R. Marshall, T. Minton, F. Murphy, E. Peters, M. Richman, W. Powell, B. Schwalb, C. Segal, E. Tolman, R. Volante, L. Weitzman, W. Welch, B. White, C. Yannoni.

The following facts testify to the brilliance and/or preparation of Latin School boys: 102 Seniors were accepted by Harvard. . . \$6,550 was won by sixteen boys (this was only for this year's class). . . There were eight grants-in-aid of \$300 each.

Robert Gargill has been selected by the English-Speaking Union to be one of the five students in the United States to go to England for a seven-week educational tour, all expenses paid. He leaves on the *Queen Mary*, June 25.

Four Seniors have been awarded prizes by the National Honor Society for their outstanding results in the Society's nation-wide exam: Garry Quinn won a scholarship of \$500; Andrew Viterbi, a scholarship for \$200; Robert Gargill and Albert D'Entremont, Certificates of Merit.

The Fifth Public Declamation of the school year (the last for the outgoing Senior class) was held on Friday, April 25. The speakers were Vincent Ceglie, Charles Raffoni, Theodore Herman, John Dobbyn, John Doherty, Anthony Giordano, Bruce Nielson,

Myron Cohen, Marc Richman, Arnold Aronson, David Feeherry, and Robert Gargill.

On Friday evening March 28, the Boston Public School Symphony Band presented its 25th annual concert at Jordan Hall. Of the sixty-six members of the band, forty-five were from Latin School. Officers from Alma Mater included Lieut. Robert Donahue—*President*; Capt. Walter McLean—*First Vice-President*; Master-Sergeant Richard Hughes—*Secretary*; Master Sergeant Lawrence Abramson—*Treasurer*; Corporal Anthony Malione—*Librarian*; Corporal Terence Koen—*Assistant Librarian*; Sergeant William Welch—*Historian*; Sergeant Harold Goldberg—*Drum Major*.

On Friday evening, March 21, the Boston Public School Symphony Orchestra presented its annual concert at Jordan Hall under the baton of its capable conductor, Joseph Trongone. The Latin School contingent, the largest in the city.

Thomas M. Harrington, of Class IIIA, who takes Class I French, has been awarded Second Prize in the Prize Contest open to all students of French in New England, conducted by the American Association of Teachers of French. In taking the written part of the top examination for four-year French, he was put in the category "of French background." In the orals, he has won First Prize, which was presented to him by the French Vice-Consul, M. Jean La Pierre.

Under sunny skies the Annual Prize Drill took place on May 9. The cadets went through their maneuvers with precision in a program planned and directed by Lt. Cannon. The following were the fortunate officers and the prize-winning companies:

FIRST REGIMENT

Brigadier General Robert Harrington,
Eighth Company
Colonel Harold McKittrick, Tenth
Company

Lt. Col. John O'Donnel, Twelfth Company
 Major Charles Demakes, Ninth Company
 Major Barry Quinlan, Fourth Company
 Major William O'Brien, Seventh Company

SECOND REGIMENT

Colonel Joseph Malgioglio, Twelfth Company
 Lt. Col. Joachim Crognale, Eleventh Company
 Major Eliot Daniels, Eighth Company

Major Richard Kotelly, Tenth Company
 Major Alan Green, Fourth Company



Alumni Notes

MARC HERBERT RICHMAN, '53

Leonard Bernstein, '35, will present the premier performance of his one-act opera, "Trouble in Tahiti," as the feature of the Brandeis Festival of Creative Arts to be held from June 12 through June 15. The opera will be scored for twenty-one wind instruments and a string quartette. "The theme of the opera is marital difficulty; the plot, I cannot describe to you," he says, "because there is no plot." Also there will be a discussion of "The Present State of Creative Arts", in which Mr. Bernstein will be moderator. . . . Also during the Festival a jazz symposium will be held in which, besides Mr. Bernstein and other experts, Nat Hentoff, jazz commentator for WMEX and another graduate of B.L.S., will serve as a member of the panel.

* * * *

Larry Gould, '47, now going to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is teaching physics while continuing his experiments for his graduate work. He has just recently received his Ph.D degree.

* * * *

Robert Conley, '00, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Conley of Boston, has been elected Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Herald* for 1952-'53 at Brown University. The 24-year-old Junior spent three years in the Service, with the Underwater Demolition Team, and was act-

ive in the Pacific. Conley is a candidate for the Bachelor of Arts degree and is a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. At present he is the campus correspondent for the *Providence Journal-Bulletin*.

* * * *

Ernest Kruhmin, Jr., '00, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kruhmin of Hyde Park, is among twenty students at Brown University in the Air Force ROTC program who have recently received their commissions. The Brown unit, one of 187 located throughout the country, offers commissions in the Air Force or Reserve upon completion of college and ROTC training. Kruhmin was appointed Captain. He is a member of the sophomore class at Brown and is a candidate for the Bachelor of Arts degree. He was elected President of his Freshman dormitory and this year named representative to the Yale Political Union Forum on World Affairs. He is a staff member of WBRU, the Brown University radio network.

* * * *

Alan H. Goldberg, '00, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Goldberg of Mattapan, was one of the students appointed to the dean's list at Brown. He is a member of the Phi Lambda Phi fraternity and a candidate for the Bachelor of Arts degree.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

*D. Lyons
W. MOGAN*

March 4: *Ye R.R.R.* is prepared to embark on another foray into the hallowed halls and hallowed heads of B.L.S. His pencil has been sharpened, his lawyers hired; and away he goes!

March 5: Today's bulletin mentioned that no boy may use the Assembly Hall as a thoroughfare. This rule applies even if the boy has directional signals.

March 7: The *Register* staff has not yet recovered from the shock of a day without Shakir.

March 10: The Sailing Club told its members that those who do not pay their dues will be "dropped."—Overboard, perhaps?

March 12: An enterprising student refers to his locker as *l'écurie*. (*Trans:* stable for horses).

March 31: In the future, the circular "Class II: Elections for Classes I" will come with an explanatory note by Albert Einstein. *Ye R.R.R.* has finally decided upon his program: Z-Z-Z-Z.

March 14: Plans for the Military (gulp) Science tests were announced today. In order to pass the test, a cadet must (1) memorize the "Soldier's Handbook;" (2) study the Theory of Relativity," and (3) know some one who knows some one who —oh, well; you wouldn't be interested.

March 15: How right that soothsayer was; eh, Seniors?

March 17: No homelessons over this vacation, it says here.

March 19: Two boys were found smoking by a certain Latin master; and, despite the fact that the package of cigarettes bore a Latin motto, the boys were shown no mercy. *Sic semper tyrannis.*

March 20: The Meteorology Club met to discuss the chances of having school called off some day next winter because of a snowstorm. The decision reached was that Boston never gets 20 feet of snow.

March 21: Career Day was spent very enjoyably in the Assembly Hall, the only requirement for admission being one suit coat. All boys agreed that they would wear Prince Alberts if they could miss another six periods.

March 24: The boys of 118 are currently seen wearily trudging up the stairs to 307 to face the music. The daily song is as follows: "Boys, what is the significance of Caliban? Hmmm?"

March 25: The Literary Club dues may be paid in either U.S. dollars, Syrian shekels, or copies of "Crime and Punishment."

March 26: The Chess Club met in the Cafeteria today. Tomorrow's menu: checkerboard cake.

March 27: The writers for the Honor Society Revue have been burning the midnight oil—reading joke-books. Any original humor in this production will be purely accidental.

March 28: Boys who have not yet paid their Greek Club dues should contact Sarelis—either in Rm. 304, or his favorite abode, Rm. 124.

March 31: Overheard in 235:

Master: "Pay attention, boys. I'm always dropping pearls of wisdom which you should pick up."

Pupil: "Don't look now, sir; but your teeth are falling out."

April 1: The newest haberdashery fad, string bow ties, may provoke some masters to give out one-half a misdemeanor mark. Fourteen of these may be turned in at the end of a week for a brand new censure.

April 2: After Installment II of the Military Science Test, some Senior officers may be going far, far away. (Lower Slobovia papers please copy.)

April 3: Any boy who attempts to go up in a down-elevator will have to drop into the office.

April 4: Ye R.R.R. (a Junior) wishes to tell the Seniors that they are very fortunate to be able to stay in school until June. Let me go, boys.

April 7: Ye R.R.R. has spoken too soon. The newest edict allows the Seniors to leave in May. Oh, well; it's election year, you know.

April 8: The boys who distribute the *Register* are the only people in history to strike for longer working hours, as Mr. Rosenthal well knows.

April 9: A saga in 301:

The master is giving special exams, after school, to Class II boys. The fire-bells ring: "Ha! They must be testing the bells. We go on."

The bells ring again: "Ho! The wires must be crossed. We go on."

Fire engines approach: "Hm! This is a fireproof building. We go on."

Smoke invades the room: "Has every one finished the test? If not, we go on."

April 22: Any one impersonating an F.B.I. man to obtain summary record cards will be censured.

April 23: It seems that 317 years ago, five years after the Massachusetts Bay Colony landed, the elders discovered that their children were

growing up to be idiots. As a result, they founded our school. No comment.

April 24: Class Day: One roaring member has been wandering about, yelling, "This is my day!" Eh, Philip?

April 25: A warning! The marshals have found a method for slowing down speedsters: they stretch their neckties across the corridor and trip them as they come flying by.

April 28: Overheard in a Latin class: "Take over the translation, Jones; Smith just dropped dead."

April 29: New axiom: "Most things equal to anything are equal to something — usually."

April 30: Overheard in a certain Class II homeroom:

Teacher: "No talking here!"

Pupil: "Pardon, sir?"

Teacher: "I said, 'No talking here!'"

Pupil: "Yes, sir!"

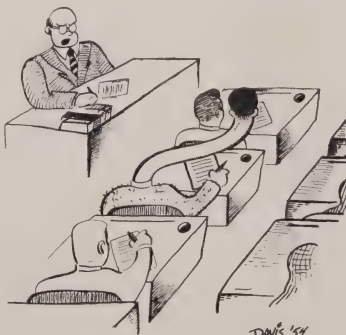
Teacher: "Five marks!"

May 1: Talkative Class I student: "What do you think of the moral decay in our government?"

Disgusted observer: "I'm in favor of it!"

May 2: Overheard in Math class: "Test tomorrow in logarithms; so don't forget your compasses."

May 6: The R.R.R. was informed that he is very high in the "rank list." In fact, he is the "rankest" person in the school.



"SMITH!"

May 7: Notice — This is the first edition compiled by next year's Seniors (we hope). Any slanderous material for this column should be addressed to the "Two G's" and filed in the cylindrical containers in Room 235.

May 8: Overheard in a Latin class:

Pupil: "Sir, Latin is dead; isn't it?"

Teacher: "Yes, it is."

Pupil: "Sir, let's permit it to rest in peace."

May 9: Pupils are beginning to breathe easier! The Board of Directors has assembled to revoke temporarily the "Necktie Law" for the months of July and August.

May 12: Then there's the story of the two travelling salesmen who — sorry, deadline. Happy vacation!

Conclusion

KEITH O'DONNEL, '53

Men who dreamed a thousand dreams
Thought and played, wondering what would come
Of life and love and school and friends—
They did what we are doing now,
And some one else will do again.
They who fought and planned,
Thought and played, wondering what would come
Of hate and greed, and planted seed
And men with long, black guns.
Tell us, you who can,
The thoughts of youths today
When bombs explode and war clouds rise
And try forever to darken skies.
Men who dream these dreams and more
Cannot live unless they're free—
That's how it has always been.
Why we will die for liberty.

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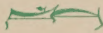
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